

The OTEEN

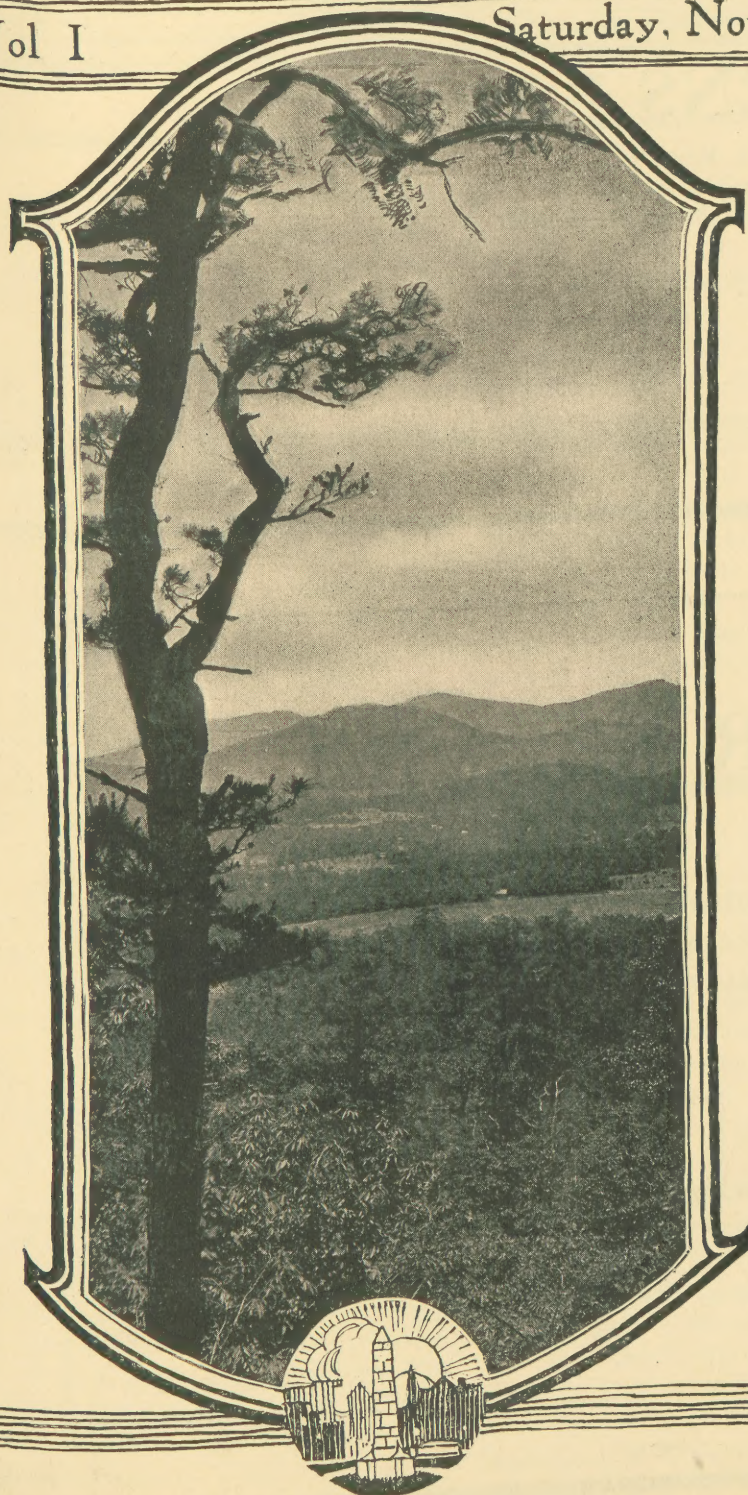
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SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT AZALEA, NORTH CAROLINA

Vol I

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1918

No. 4



OTEEEN

Skys of azure, and endless,
Pines of olive green,
Mountains lofty and rugged—
These thy setting, Oteen.

In the valley a purling river,
On the mount a tinkling rill,
Add to thy joyous splendor,
Thou health-giving gem on the hill.

Thy name a wondrous symbol
That carries a message clear,
A message of hope and health
For the injured soldier to hear.

Chief Aim to restore the wounded,
Those hurt and torn within,
To renew health and give vigor,
Make them happy and *useful* men.

S. L. P.

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers'
Accounts, and we will Welcome
Your Business.



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Asheville, N. C.

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The OTEEN

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B

Vol. I

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No. 4

Some men hide their lights beneath the bushel. Some unheralded moulders of human fortune are the powers behind the thrones. Thousands of men throughout history—hardly known to anyone—have been the all-important factors in progress and development.

We do not seek to make martyrs of any local powers behind the thrones. We are only taking the bushel from the light and giving due credit to the real founders of The Oteen.

Sgt. Erpf was the man in whose brain a camp paper had its inception. The idea was conveyed to Lieut. Stenbuck, who, by much thought and effort, brought Oteen into a material thing. Lt. Stenbuck, Lt. White and Lt. Rutledge are the committee responsible for the paper as it comes to us. Their diligent efforts, kindly suggestions and helpful advice are herewith recognized. We, the staff, thank them, and I am sure the readers of our magazine are grateful for their efforts.

The eternal question with some of us is, "What will they say?" "What will they think?" Promise today you will never propound those two questions to yourself again. You be yourself!

"They" don't matter. What you do concerns you and concerns you more than it can possibly concern others. "To thine own self be true!"

No one can test your theories as you can test them; no one can know your abilities as you know them. For the decisions you make you shall wear the Laurel or you shall be crucified. Or, being very fortunate, both may come to you.

But now, and ever, remember that you are sufficient unto yourself. You know

best! Think it out! Work it out! Plan it! When you are ready, *Do It!!* You can! You will!

Some old sage relates; Columbus was told the Earth was flat; that the Sun going down at night in a flare of flame, dropped into Hell to renew its warmth for the day to come.

Columbus was warned that should he Sail On and On he and his Santa Maria would plunge off the Edge into Perdition. Columbus sure of his Idea, sure of Himself, sailed, prow pointed for Hell!

Continues said Sage, "That's how God rewards the Brave. He takes away Hell and gives them Heaven!"



Much has been said, tho little done, in this month past on the question of dramatics. We have talent, and the best short plays the theatrical market offer are ours for the asking.

A month ago this paper was more or less of an intangible something—why not make our theatrical possibilities a concrete factor in this month to come? Asheville affords us little in this line, yet why not bring New York up to our back door and produce something real. Every boy in the camp needs something like it to keep the barnacles from holding fast. If there is enough "pep" in this aggregation this paper will let it be known throughout the whole State that we have "live wires" with us. And to think what you'd be doing for the patients. And let us whisper something. We know the Commission of Training Camp Activities will build a theatre of wood for any camp that shows results along this line.



In writing a letter for one of the boys at the camp the other day, he dictated a paragraph about his trip to town. This paragraph is reproduced elsewhere in these columns.

The remarks of this detachment man brings forcibly to the attention of the readers of The Oteen the outrageous transportation facilities here.

We are virtually isolated, in the Blue Ridge Mountains, seven miles from civilization. Our only means of getting to Asheville is thru the kindness of some passing machine or the Orange Star Line. It is a peculiar bit of patriotism that demands 25 cents for a six-mile trip. The majority of the khaki-clad men at Oteen are already here at no little sacrifice and to have to spend one-half of a day's wages to reach civilization is no item for mere quibbling.

The laborers at this Hospital are getting \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 per day. The so-called skilled workmen are paid from \$6.00 to \$12.00 a day. To these men, the Orange Star Line offers a rebate in fare.

Yes, I could talk about accommodations, the endless hours of unreasonable waiting here at the Post, the irregularity of service, lack of comfort, safety and a dozen different things, but so far as this particular subject is concerned they would all be in the same vein.

Will not some really interested parties give the boys some regular means of transportation? We appeal to your patriotism. The boys have so very little time that is really their own—and to have it cut into needlessly—it does seem that there must be some keen business man or men in Asheville who could plan a real method of transportation, at decent rates.

We are waiting results. Must we say more?



OFFICIAL

BULLETIN OF ORDERS

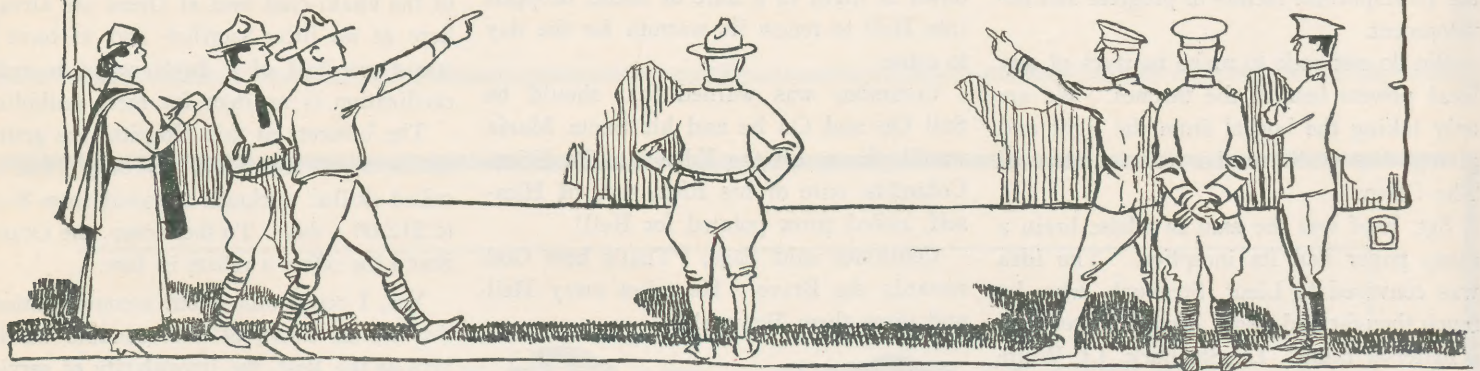
Patients are urged to turn over all money and valuables in their possession to the Registrar, who will issue a receipt for them. Patients keeping money or valuables in their own possession will do so at their own risk.

There must be no spitting about the grounds or in buildings—and anyone detected will be summarily dealt with.

Patients and enlisted men must at all times present a neat appearance, and care must be exercised to conform to uniform regulations.

All patients will have at least two baths weekly, and oftener at the discretion of the Ward Surgeon.

All patients out of bed are to stand at attention upon entrance to the ward or room of any officer.



SEEING IT THROUGH

BY PVT. DANIEL MURPHY

*Third Installment of Incidents in my Year
and a Half in the Warring Territory*

We dismounted from those funny old cars in the middle of the night, and a miserable drizzle had set in. We learned the name of the place was Harrisville, and our destination was miles ahead over a steep mountainous district. Off we went, with full packs, which included about all we possessed, and soon a real shower burst over us. Guess I was born under a bad moon. Never have I wanted good weather and received it. This night was no exception, the black night ahead—seventy pounds on my shoulders—and up hill all the way. I was beginning to think Sherman was altogether right, only he didn't start early enough in


the game. Life is relative there as it is with us at home. The walk—or struggle—of seven miles made our plain entrance into the town the most welcomed thing imaginable. The Second Battalion of our Regiment had already quartered, and as we passed through the town, they were lined up in the streets, and gave us a hearty welcome. We were given the plainest of barracks in which to sleep. The first few weeks were hard indeed—we had but two thin blankets each, a shelter half and no bunks—just a nice expanse of broad hard floor.

Then the rain started in for fair—fifteen days of it, and we didn't have a hot meal all that time—just corn willie, four hard-tacks twice a day—and drilling endlessly. We were told we were being fitted for the trenches—and I believed them. The incessant rain and mud made us weary—and then the rats began to appear, and get on our nerves—rats as big as cats—and if they, with the rain, had been eliminated, war


would be less trying for all of us. Nights we'd pull under our canvas coverings, and the big devils would awaken us in running over our backs. There was no harm in these pests unless you tried to corner them—they would simply be looking for scraps of food, and if they couldn't find them—they'd go for shoes, clothes—anything. They develop a wonderful sense as to danger. One of our men paid \$5.00 for a big cat—but he evidently feared the rats or liked them—we never had the good fortune to catch friend cat with a rat—and I don't doubt a bit but what the rats got to him.

Work was the by-word of the camp, and from the time we landed until we left, it was drill, drill, drill — until we couldn't stand a bit more—and then we'd do the whole thing all over. Sartes was at the base of three mountains, graduating in size, and on the top of each was a wonderful plateau—just the place for intensive drilling and

(Continued on page 20)



CAPS & CAPES



Conducted by the Nurses

Mrs. Hoagland was the very delightful hostess at a tea given on Wednesday afternoon, at Grove Park Inn, to the Night Nurses, Dietitians, and Secretaries. Technicians of the post were also guests. Opportunity was given to visit the Biltmore looms, now operated by the Grove Park Inn Management, and the grounds of this unique and interesting Inn. Asheville ladies of the "Canteen" workers furnished cars for the occasion.

☐ ☐

Miss Standish, our Chief Nurse, has been granted ten days furlough. She left Sunday afternoon for Colorado Springs, just in time to escape that Washington Inspector. Her office aides wear a solemn smile but hope she will have a delightful trip. We are looking forward to making "Bod's" acquaintance.

☐ ☐

Miss Jessie Laird, Secretary to the Chief Nurse, is with us again. We welcome her home.

Christmas, we think, would be a good time for furloughs.

☐ ☐

Mrs. Knight, of Los Angeles, Calif., arrived this week. Her work in the Reconstruction Department is already begun and sounds most interesting. Miss May Ginocchio, the Red Cross stenographer and bookkeeper also is a new-comer we meet at table.

☐ ☐

Henceforth the Army Nurse when off duty will appear in the nifty blue serge official uniform and velour hat. The U.S. and A.N.C. insignia are the only ornaments permitted and occupy a prominent place on each lapel of the coat. Forward, March!

☐ ☐

A QUESTION

Who were the three ladies that had a break-down on the Hendersonville road on a recent Thursday evening?

NURSERY RHYMES

A stands for Army Nurse Corps.
B is for Berry—one we adore.
C stands for Cooper and Chadwick too.
D is for Daniels—naught she won't do.
E is for Elder, no misnomer is this.
F for Fluwelling—please do not miss.
G stands for Guy, on night duty hidden.
H is for Hamilton, who does what's forbidden.

I is for Me, that's why I'm writing.
J for Jackson, who'll stand no slighting.
K stands for Koons and all her dear men.
L for the Lyons who live in our den.
M stands for Murray who certainly is dear.
N orcross too we like to have here.
O is for Owensbey, Oteen and onions.
P is for Peters' big feet and bunions.
Q stands for Quinn and so are we.
R stands for Randall who lives in I-3.
S stands for Standish who sits on the lid.
T for the trouble o'er which we skid.
U stands for Unity in the A.N.C. found.
V for veracity (?) in which we abound.
W means Wagner and some thirty days.
X is for Xmas only one month away.
Y stands for You who read this rhyme.
Z is for Zero and the end of this line.

—ANN ONIMUS.

MILITARY MORSELS

Ward Surgeon—You are as sound as a dollar.

Patient—I hope I last longer than one, Lieutenant.

☐ ☐

"Do you really love me, my hero?"
"Yes," he sighed.
"Yes, what?" she softly queried.
"Yes, sir"—and then he knew his foot had slipped.

☐ ☐

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

1st Nurse, as Azalea team appears on the field, "Aren't they the darlings I'll bet they can dance splendidly."

2nd Nurse, "Huh, what good does that do us?"

MORE RICE

Let us sing a song of rice girls,
We have surely had our share,
When we think of rice our head whirls,
Rice makes up our three mess fare.

Rice for breakfast, milk above it;
Rice for dinner mixed with rice;
Rice for supper, how we love it,
If not enough they serve you twice.

For variety they add spice here,
Puddings made of rice and spice
Puddings made of spice and rice dear,
And those puddings are so nice.

Now, Dear Rector, hear our pleadings
Just for once give us our ways,
Put away the rice for weddings
And we'll stay single all our days.

L. J. H.

RATHER PERSONAL

Girls: The new mode of traveling to Asheville is by Wagonette. All information as regarding rates will be gladly given by the Misses Smith and Scott, who patronize this route.

☐ ☐

Cheer up, Helen, You shall have your old side pal back again December 1st.

☐ ☐

When did the Langren Hotel change its name to the New York Cafe?

Ask Misses Wagner and Curl.

☐ ☐

Three Cheers New Car—New Man—New Girl to be sure, K. of C. Car. And it stops.

☐ ☐

New Nurse: Why do they call it Post Exchange?

Old Timer: You come out Ex-change.

☐ ☐

A few of us are wandering what Hoel is going to do with all those nickles she is collecting.

Buy War Saving Stamps, or Liberty Bonds.

Maybe Yes—— and maybe No.——

EDITORIAL

The Spirit of Heroism



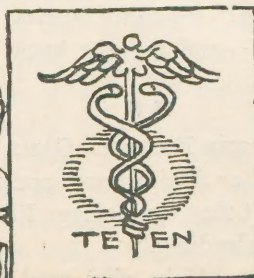
ALTHOUGH an armistice exists, the war is not yet over. Many of us desire to go home, but should not lose sight of the fact that many of us are not able to do so for physical reasons, even if an actual peace treaty were signed. Those of us who have Tuberculosis should welcome the opportunity the Government is offering us to get well and be ready for further service, not only to the Country, but to our families also.

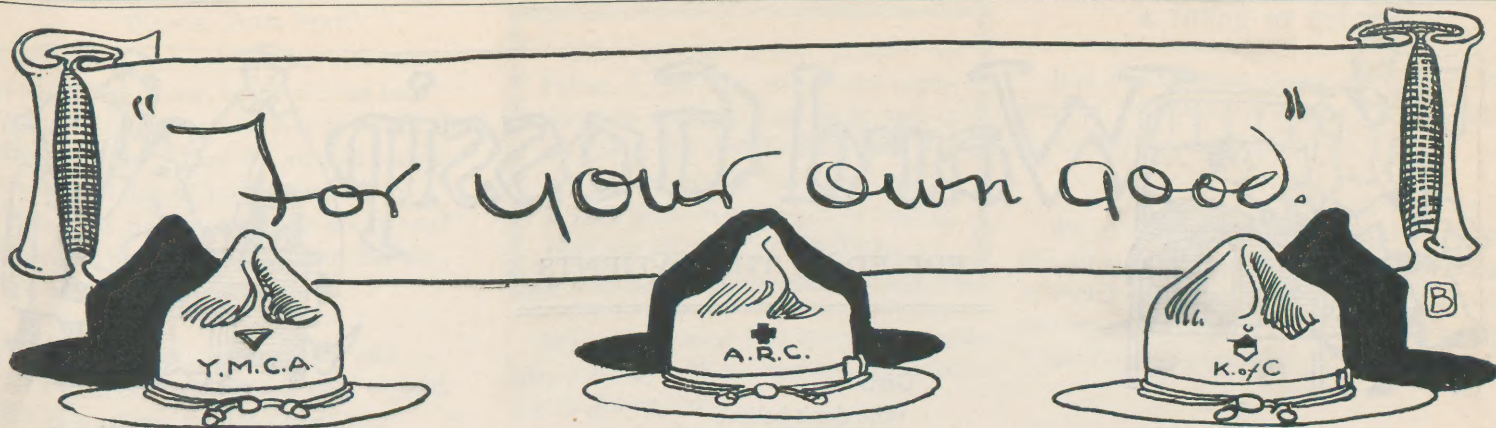
A soldier who has active tuberculosis cannot support himself, and in the majority of cases will become a burden, to them at least, if not to the State. He may be able to do light work here under the most favorable surroundings, as to supervision, diet and climate, but even with these a contented mind and a willingness to fight are essential, if he will arrest his disease. Some may say a soldier cannot have a contented mind away from his family and friends, but here enters that *spirit of heroism* which may be found in many walks of life. This heroism has saved many a person. History is full of examples of this. There is no one who would not rather have a member of his family alive, even if unable to do a full day's work, than dead. If we but use a little will-power and cheerfully accept with the right spirit, that which the Government is doing for us here, what a wonderful opportunity is at our door to recover our health, for nowhere else will so much be done for us. The Government has surrounded us with the best of everything: hospital, with all the institution means, nursing and medical care. We should welcome the chance to get well and to be of service in the world and to return to our families well on the road to recovery if not absolutely recovered. Many a person who has given up such an opportunity as offered here has regretted his action when too late. *Do not be one of these.*

The Government, while caring for you, is looking after your family, by its generous allotment.

The Country, in the reconstruction period to follow the War, needs every one of us. It has a tremendous task on its hands and it is the duty of all of us to "put our shoulder to the wheel" and help, not hinder. You, patients of General Hospital No. 19, can do your "bit" now, and in the future, as you have done in the past. This consists in putting forth every effort and straining every nerve to get well. Rome was not built in a day, neither can this reconstruction take place in a day. Nothing interests the Government more, today, than what becomes of you. It is the Government's intention to do the best for all, and surely you can trust it with your welfare until you are physically well and enabled to take your place among the useful citizens of the Country. All this can be accomplished, only by patience, fortitude and the spirit of fight. Be men—not quitters—and you will live to rejoice; and your family and friends will rejoice with you, that you have had the strength of character to fight to the end and to win.

DAVID TOWNSEND,
Capt. M.C., U.S.A.





Y.M.C.A.

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

THANKSGIVING AT K. OF C. HUT

The new building is progressing finely. Our compliments to the builders! Wouldn't it be great if we could have it ready for a big Christmas opening?

▽ ▽

The eleven o'clock service of worship on Sunday morning, and seven-thirty Sing and Gospel Address on Sunday evening, are regular features in our weekly program. Both of these are growing in interest and attendance, but we want all of the boys to "get the habit."

▽ ▽

Thanks to the sixty splendid soldier boys from Azalea who helped us go "over the top" Monday night in that memorable two-hour drive for the United War Work Fund in Asheville. No wonder that a lot of fine young ladies were willing to subscribe to the limit. Greuk work, boys! Your presence and your warm words in behalf of the work which the seven great organizations are doing won the day.

▽ ▽

The "Y" is happy to announce the addition of a third man to its staff at Azalea, in the person of Professor Gynne, of Chicago, who comes to us to take charge of the educational work among the boys of the Detachment, as well as to do his part in the general work. Our new secretary is sure of a warm place in the hearts of our boys.

▽ ▽

Please try to shoot straight, boys, at the pool tables, especially when the target happens to be one of the big cuspidors. Just imagine that the war is still on, that you are at the front "over there," and that that ample target is a huge "boche"; and then hit him square and hit him hard. Don't miss him, and don't scatter him over the landscape. Do a clean job, and the "Y" man will take delight in pinning upon your breast the proud decoration, "Sharpshooter."

After being closed a few days for essential finishing work, the Red Cross House is permanently open and latchstring is on the outside.

+ +

Miss Ginocchio, who will assist Mr. Moore in hospital work, has already entered upon her duties and later will be in residence at the Red Cross House.

+ +

Next week a Home Service man will be added to the personnel of the Red Cross workers.

+ +

The War Risk Bureau, Washington, D. C., is investigating all Class "A" and Class "B" allotments in order to determine the authenticity of the claims. This, in many instances, has delayed the payment of allotments. As a result of these delays, the Record Office has been swamped with complaints. This office has been making every effort to adjust these complaints and suggest that the American Red Cross, with headquarters in the old Administration Building, be advised of all errors or delays concerning the receipt of allotments.

The American Red Cross Society, with a view to adjusting complaints as quickly as possible has printed a regular form on which various information is requested. This data is forwarded to Washington. If this information, upon investigation, is found to be bona fide, all claims will be recognized. The War Risk Bureau will take redress on all illegitimate claims.

+ +

Bronze medals for all soldiers and sailors who have served in the war, whether in foreign service or in America, are authorized by a resolution adopted by the Senate. Senator Pittman, of Nevada, author of the resolution, read a letter from President Wilson endorsing it.

Wednesday evening, the opening of the new K. of C. hut at this Post, was an event to be remembered by all. Being Thanksgiving Eve, the boys assembled at the hall that bears the sign, "Everybody Welcome," and manifested the many things to be thankful for this year — the greatest Thanksgiving Day known in history. The features of the evening began with an overture by the orchestra, followed by a few short addresses and a brief musical program, which terminated with all those present joining in singing the Star-Spangled Banner. Mrs. Hamilton, together with other ladies of the St. Lawrence Welfare Association, of Asheville, then took charge, and made it a pleasant evening for those present by introducing the many young ladies of Asheville, who were transported to the Camp by machines provided by the K. of C., to the enlisted men, and dancing held forth for the remainder of the evening, refreshments being served at intermission, which proved both a surprise and a treat to all. This is the first of many similar events to be held at the Hut during the coming winter.



Daily classes of shorthand and typewriting are being held at the Hut at present between the hours of 9:00 and 11:00 a.m., under the supervision of Lieut. Rutledge, of the Reconstruction Department, presenting a wonderful opportunity to those who take advantage of it.





A ROOKIE'S PRAYER

Please keep me off the black list
On the morrow that's before us.
I'll never disobey again,
As true as sky is o'er us.
I'll mind just what the sergeant says,
I'll never do a wrong,
And if my name's not on that list,
I'll lift my voice in song.
So keep me off that extra list
And in the future days
They'll never take my name again,
I'll mend my wayward ways.

★ ★

Sgt. Gray—How's the fish today—strong?

Sgt. Charlton—No—weak.

★ ★

The bird who used to think he was a star attraction in a Palm Beach with Panama and white shoes now picks the Queen of the Boulevard with his Service O. D., a sweaty issue Dip—and a pair of those hobbled hikers.

★ ★

WANT ADS.

Wanted—A heated Electric by the boys on the hill to convey them to and from mess.

Wanted—Any price paid for automatic perpetual motion hair comb for Martin.

Wanted—Chain and collar for vicious dog at I-5.

Wanted—Tree chopper at I-5 to clear obstructions of view. See Gater.

Wanted—One hours rest after each task. See Wall, Poore and Carter.

Wanted—A stone-crusher to crush those hearts that made the rule, that no enlisted man speak to nurses.

Wanted—Any fortune teller will find paying business at G. H. No. 19. Apply within.

Wanted—Enlargement of reservation for Secret Service Men.

★ ★

We hand the Brown Derby to Sexton and Adams, each selling a hundred copies of *The Oteen* weekly. Thanks fellows.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



OVERHEARD IN THE WARDS

Lieut.—“Whom do you want notified in case of serious illness?”

Patient—“The doctor.”

★ ★

SOLDIERS' EXPENSES PAID HOME

The War Department is arranging it so no man upon his discharge will be put to a bit of expense in getting home. The existing laws provide for a mileage rate of three and one-half cents a mile, but the late increase in railroad rates to three cents makes it impossible for a man to meet the cost of fare, subsistence and sleeping car accommodations.

A plan is being worked out where men will mobilize in the camp nearest their home. Sleeping cars will be provided, a kitchen car attached to each train, and while travelling the men will eat the customary army rations. Where possible, men living along the route of travel of the special trains will be selected and they will have the privilege of being dropped at their home stations. As each man leaves the train, he will receive his discharge, and all pay due him, thus enabling the authorities to muster out a great number of men at their very doors. If their home is not a central point, expenses will be given them to get there.

★ ★

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

“Absolute evidence have I none,
But my Captain's mother-in-law's sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat,
Tell a young housemaid down the street
That he had a brother that had a friend
Who knows for a fact when our stay will end.”

—M.D.

★ ★

NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you should be writing to the Kaiser (or Ludendorf by chance) be sure your letter is labeled quite legibly, “Nowhere in France.”

Some
Girls

Who don't believe
In kissing before
They go down
To see a
Troop train
Go through,
Go back
With a
Different
Opinion
But these
Asheville girls
Are a queer
Lot
Typically,
One said to me in
The cold and sleet last
Night, as I hugged
The station
Franklin heater
“Kissin a soldier
Ain't nothing
To brag about
There are
Too many
Opportunities.”
She got lost in
The crowd, but I'd
Like to ask that
Chicken the street
She travels.

★ ★

PASSES

Ain't it nice to get the week-end pass
Every now and then?
But, oh, my Gawd! the coming back
To camp again!
It makes it seem ten times as bad
As it was before,
After a little taste of peace—
The damned War!

★ ★

Joe Blunk is gone, the good, the great.
One cannot tell his worth in rhyme.
He barely filled a flush or straight,
Yet always paid his debts on time.

★ ★

The rose is red, the violet blue;
Sugar is short, and so are you.

"WATCH YOUR STEP"

Garbed in a blue cape, lined with red.
A Red Cross Nurse, bends o'er my bed.
With a gentle voice, and eyes so bright,
She asked me; "How do you feel tonight?"
I answered her, as a soldier would do.
"I feel all right nurse; how about you?"
Now that don't go with a nurse you see,
Too much Fa-miliar-ity.

A private's chance is poor I am told,
With Lieutenants they're as good as gold.
But even officers can loose their bet,
I know a gink who is wondering yet
Why some nurse didn't love him, much to
his sorrow.
The fool should have known she'd transfer
tomorrow.
But that is the way with most every nurse,
She will give you her heart, if you give her
your purse.

★ ★

REVENGE

Hey, you, said someone to the new arrival
lingering in bed after reveille had blown,
"Hurry or you'll be late for roll call."

And I want to be, answered the new boob
from Syracuse. I'm sore at the Top ser-
geant, and I don't intend to answer him
when he calls my name this morning.

★ ★

It is rumored that a separate barracks
will soon be built for Detachment men on
night duty who with difficulty court the
dewy-feathered sleep with all its dreams,
the fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train,
during the daylight hours universally allot-
ed to the horny handed sons of toil.

(Don't know what he's talking about, but
it looks like another obscure dream).

★ ★

Nurse—Why, Mandy, we haven't had
dessert tonight, and Chef always gives us
some. What is the matter?

Mandy (who's assumed charge during
chef's absence in Asheville, since morning)
—Lordy, Miss, dis child yere is too tired dis
ebenin to cut any cans of fruit for you all.
I am just tuckered out peelin rotten apples
for de mawnins sauce.

★ ★

Lieut.—"Who is your nearest relative?"
Patient—"360 miles."

★ ★

Surgeon—"You must isolate the patient."
Ward Aide—"All right, Doctor; where
shall we put the ice?"

The original group picture by
Pelton, 3 feet long which was repro-
duced in the issue two weeks ago, is
on sale at the Post Exchange for 75c
and would prove a fine remembrance
to send home to your girl or family.
They are all ready for mailing.

Sergeant (in mess hall during new cafe-
teria serving)—"I see that the Reconstruc-
tion is getting busy."

Lieutenant—"How's that?"

Sergeant—"They are teaching all the pa-
tients how to become waiters."

★ ★

Johnson—"Do nuts grow on trees?"

Carlisle—"Sure."

Johnson—"Then on what tree does the
doughnut grow?"

Carlisle—"The Pantry."

★ ★

One of the C Wards sends the following
ad. clipped from one of our representative
Asheville papers:

"Nice driving horse for sale by kindly
old lady, also buggy."

★ ★

CONTEMPLATIONS OF A BUCK

Rolled in my O. D. blanket,
Safe from the bugle's blast,
With my lucky star (how I thank it!)

High in the heavens at last.

I rest in the old-time fashion;

I rest in the old-time way.

For resting still is my passion,

As it was in a former day.

"Taps" is consigned to quiet;

Its echoes are dead and gone.

It sleeps with the Dirge of Diet

And the Herald of the Dawn.

The sergeant's face has vanished,

And every voice is still.

"Fatigue" and "guard" are banished.

Leashless, I rest at will.

General, prince or colonel,

A buck or a Bonaparte

Crowned with laurels vernal—

Sleeping, are one at heart.

So out with the candle's sputter;

The gift of the gods I'd reap.

From the depths of my bunk I mutter,

"Pipe down and let me sleep!"

A TOUCH OF COLOR

Just adding color, that's all. This col-
umn of *The Oteen* is strictly Colored, and
no Germans need apply.

★ ★

We colored patients of General Hospital
No. 19 must congratulate ourselves on being
so highly represented. Pvt. Perry Jones is
our representative for *The Oteen*—he's only
6 feet 6 in his stockings.

★ ★

Nurse—"Williams you seem to be so
different from the other colored boys; you
undoubtedly have had good raising. How
did your mother do it?"

Williams—"Well nurse I jes tell you:
She dun it wif a barrel stave and frequent.

★ ★

Private Frazier (alias Guard House
King) was granted permission to speak to
the Captain at the Guard House.

"Boss," said Frazier, "I'd lak to git off
nex' Friday fur the day."

"What for?" inquired the Captain.

"Got to go to a fun'el."

"Whose funeral is it?"

"My Uncle's."

"When did your Uncle die?"

"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yit!"

"Then how do you know his funeral is
going to take place on Friday?"

"Ca'se dey's gwine hang him Thursday."

★ ★

Last Thursday noon they served I-3 with
hot biscuits and syrup. Pvt. Hooks, a
bed patient, asked Donnie to "Pass de
lasses!" Donnie replied "Can't you say
molasses?" Hooks wanted to know "What
fo I want to say molasses when I ain't had
no lasses yet?"

★ ★

DOPE

Listen Doctor! to my stuff,

Cut! this highly cultured game.

All this rest, and fresh air too,

Seems to me exceedingly tame.

What I want is "Low brow dope."

Tincture of iron, morphine and soap

I'm no "Molly-coddle Gink"

Give me dope Doctor, Give me a wee
drink.

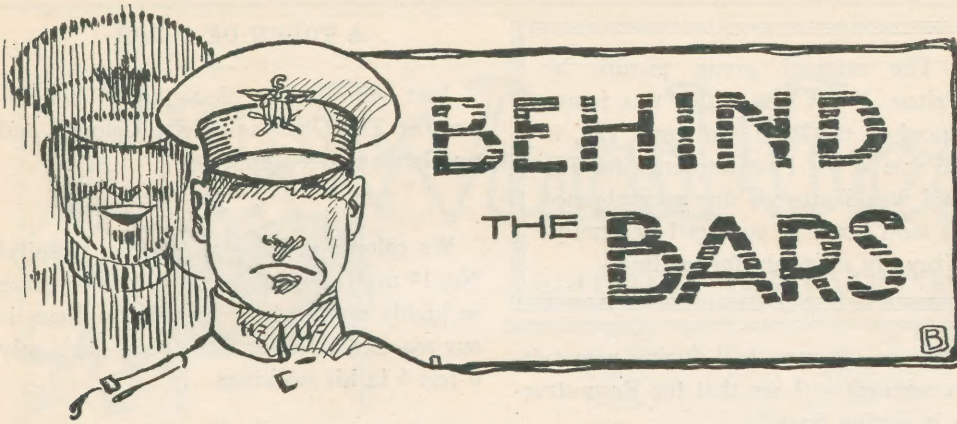
★ ★

Batist—Dey tells me dat Mt. Mitchell is
de highest place dis side ob de Mississippi.

Kid Foster—Dey sho aint dun no tradin
at de "Canteen" den.

H.

WARD 3 7 12 WARD E1 WARD 6 9 ARD 8 ARD 4 WARD C2 WARD 5 D 10 ARD 11 WARD 15 0



The following leaves of absence have been granted:

Lieut. G. C. Derr, November 20, 1918, thirty days.

Lieut. B. T. Nolen, November 21, 1918, ten days.

Lieut. P. Charbonnet, November 23, 1918, ten days.

★ ★

One Dashing Young Officer from our Ward made a marked impression on one of Asheville's fairest. While waiting for her one evening, he casually mentioned his wife to Her Father, and now—oh, well, you know the rest.

★ ★

Oteen, N. C., Nov. 23, 1918.

Dear Joe:

Well I suppose that you have heard about the big event down here. I know that the old N. Y. Times gets all the important notices of interest to the public. But I am going to tell you about it so you can say that you got it straight from one of the actors.

It was last night and this is how it started, still I can't say that it did start, it just kind of happened. Anyway you know we got a Red X house painted white down here. That was where the party was held, and tane it from me Joe, it was some party.

We had real girls and real men, fire in both fireplaces, orchestra that brought its own tools, violin, drums and piano. Come to think about it I don't believe they did bring the piano I think that was there as an inducement for them to come. Then we had our, Capt. Hays, he's the pill aender for our ward. He is about eight feet six or maybe it is six feet eight I can't remember just which it is. After that there was some ladies there that they called "Macarooners." They're the ones that keep you from hitting the ladies that you can't get along with, or stealing the ones that you can't get along without. Your on Joe,

they're like a policeman only women and not so cross.

And then Joe, we had a Queen there to, honest, a real one too. Her name begins with one of three letters C. Q. D. and it ain't the first and it ain't the last, you know Joe. And just between you and me old pal, I sure would like to dance with her, but I didn't dare to because I was afraid the Bolshefiki would drop a boom on her. Honest Joe she was the Queen of the party.

Now as to what we did. In the first place we dance miles of foxtrot to "Smiles" and flew leagues of onesteps to "Everything." And really every man chose his own partner. Some of the chaps who wore spurs didn't dance, but played cards instead. Speaking of cards listen to this Joe, I was standing near one of the tables with my back to it and heard some one behind me say, "hit me." So I turned around and hit him just like you or any other accommodating chap would. And, Gosh! Joe, he was a Major and was playing a game called, "Red John," or something like that. But he was a good scout and took his black-eye with a smile. Wasn't I a lucky guy, Joe?

After we had got tired dancing and the card players playing cards and we had used up all the "insane" drinking cups, drinking water at the sink, a young lady danced the "Charlotte Russe" for us, and take it from me Joe, she was some dancer.

Well Joe, Capt. Hayes is calling me to report as to whether I coughed, sneezed, snored, or walked in my sleep last night so I must stop. Say boy, if you look for the writeup on this international event in The Times you will probably find it under the heading, "Social Season for Army Officers Opens at Oteen, N. C."

Your devoted creditor,

T.B.

OUR BARRACKS PURP!

Our barracks has a purp dog in it. He arrived with the contingent of thirty From Syracuse and they said his name was Jack. He followed them all the way from New York and without rhyme or reason they named him Jack. He was not a good-looking Dog by any means. The contour of his nose was askew, his legs were of assorted shapes

And sizes. And his tail was a long straggly affair. In other words he was a mut.

But he had wonderful eyes and it was only necessary to have him look into your Eyes and you felt that you understood him perfectly. He tried so hard to make you Understand. Just deep wells of intelligence were his eyes. And should you show

The least inclination of friendliness why that straggly tail of his would wag Furiously and he appeared to be the happiest creature in the world. That canine Was about the most congenial thing alive.

And you couldn't offend him, if you Manifested any signs of unfriendliness toward the dog he slunk away And seemed hurt. But he was everybody's friend. All day long he would romp and yelp

Through the barracks. He was well fed at our messes and being only hound dog didn't

Know any better. So he would even eat the liver. Well the other day our Jack disappeared and we all missed him so much. Some avowed that he had been killed Others thought perhaps some one had stolen him, well anyway he was gone. Yesterday

One of the boys stumbled across our dog in an empty packing case and "Jack" was the

Mother of six pup dogs. Who'd a thunk it? It might be that new bunches' idea of a

Practical joke or they might have assumed too much. But the facts were unalterable.

It was not the kind of dog we thought it was. Huh, Gee, Maybe that mut didn't get

The grand razz!

—M.D.K.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,

Interrupting my sweet repose,

For he was a big mosquito

And stood on the bridge of my nose.





"A WEAK-END PARTY"

PATIENTS, ATTENTION!

Patients of the Hospital who wish to develop themselves by utilizing any of the courses listed below, should apply to Lieut. Rutledge, Chief of the Reconstruction Service. Further courses will be offered as our personnel and space develops.

Landscaping.
Poultry Raising and Breeding.
Farming.
Carpentry.
Cabinet Making.
Furniture Repairing.
Mechanical Drawing.
Tailoring.
Sign Painting.
Art Poster Work.
Typewriting.
Shorthand.
Bookkeeping.
Elementary English Courses.

★ ★

FOUND—A sum of money on the Azalea Road, near Hospital. Mr. Brown, of the Brown Hardware Company, Asheville, will be glad to return it if owner will call and establish the amount.

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

Than a furlough?
Than Mother Kellog's lemon pie?
Than an eight-hour working day?
Than Miss Hoel's smile?
Than Peace?
Than our Cornfield Club?
Than having Dell spend a day with us at camp?
Than Miss Jackson's baby talk?
Than a moonlight ride to Hendersonville?
Than Oscher's latest photograph?
Than Miss Daniels as Chief Nurse?
Than Happy Glackner shouting for joy?
Than Sergeant Radford in tights?
Than Miss DeLong's singing?
Than Delasanti and Angelina?
Than a dance at the Red Cross for enlisted men?

Than Fred Davis's baby moustache and the fatherly manner in which he takes care of it?

Than Miss Avis singing, "Won't You Take Me Back To Mammy?"

Than Miss Hauger's dimples?

Than Lieutenant Hooker?

Answer—Our Coffee!

—E.J.L.

RED CROSS CANTEEN

The War Department, through General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, has issued Circular No. 72, which applies to the Canteen Service of the American Red Cross. The American Red Cross has established stations throughout the entire country with an object of taking care of large bodies of troops as they pass through the country. These stations will not only supply hot coffee and sandwiches, gratis, but will also attend to personal affairs so far as it is able.

The Circular suggests that all troop train commanders communicate with the Local Director prior to departure from camps so that all possible preparations may be made.

★ ★

All that still is ahead of us in the present war is the punishment of Germany, the establishment of a League of Nations and the hamstringing of the cheerful soul who announces:

"There's going to be a turribul conflict between Capital and Labor."



THIS GAY SOUTHLAND

It is fine weather for cotton picking and other forms of public rejoicing.

—*Dallas Morning News.*

★ ★

HIGH TIME

"Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" called little Jessie, who liked big names for her pets.

"Why, I thought your cat's name was Napoleon," protested the visitor.

"He was Napoleon till he had his kittens," affirmed Jessie, stoutly.

★ ★

MEASURED BY MILES

A recruit was asked, "Who is your nearest living kin?"

"My aunt," came the answer.

Then the questions were answered correctly until it came to, "In case of death or accident, who shall be notified?"

"My mother," he replied.

"But," said the officer, "I thought your aunt was your nearest living kin?"

"She is," replied the recruit. "She lives two miles from me and my mother lives five."

★ ★

HE WAS LOST, ALL RIGHT

Old Gentleman—"What are you crying for, my little man?"

Boy—"Boo-hoo! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

"There, there, my boy. You mustn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"

"I don't know. We moved today. Boo-hoo!"

"Well, what's your name?"

"Don't know that, either. M-m-mother married again today."—*Passing Show.*

THE WRONG SORT

Naval Examining Officer (to seaman seeking promotion)—"What is the boom?"

Seaman—"Why, sir, it's the noise a cannon makes makes when she's fired."

—*Judge.*

★ ★

A RURAL COMPROMISE

A vacationist, just returned, relates having overheard this bit of bucolic dicking:

"Hiram, when are you goin' to pay me them eight dollars for pasturin' your heifer? I've had her now fer about ten weeks."

"Why, Sam, the critter ain't worth more'n ten dollars."

"Well, s'posin' I keep her fer what you owe me?"

"Not by a jugful! Tell you what I'll do, though—keep her two weeks more an' you kin have her."—*Boston Transcript.*

★ ★

SERGEANT WAS BUMFUZZLED

It was at a dinner given by the boys of the garrison in honor of some returned heroes of the "Fighting Fifteenth." The sergeant who was booked to propose the toast, "Our Regiment," had rehearsed his lines religiously to himself, but when his moment came he was nervous, and said:

"Here's to the gallant Fifteenth, the last to reach the field, and the first to leave it!"

A heavy silence followed, until a corporal sprang to the rescue.

"Comrades," he began, "you must excuse the sergeant; he is not accustomed to public speaking. I will give the toast. Here's to the grand old Fifteenth—equal to none!"

—ANON.

BILL ON GRUB

Dere Maude:

Yer aint never bin to no camp Maude, so as there aint much use ter rite to tell yer what yer wud see if yer were here. Some of the things are awfully interestin—ter watch. Yer shud see our Mess Hall foist. I mene when its workin. They run three shows a day there; too matinas and a speshul evenin performance. We awl got ter get on line and wate our turn to have the eats thrown at us. There are three hundred feedin in our eatin room at a time and if yer are the feller on the end of the line yer get yer grub by the time the first guy is hungry agin. We dont haf ter use mess kits no more, but now we eats from white enamble dishes like we got ter hum. Yer take a plate, cup and sauser from a pile and wate yer turn. The food is given yer by a lot of discuss throwers and long distance quoit players, what stand behind a long counter, each of them slingin somethin else. First yer get the gravy; jest enuff so it dont spill over the top of the plate. The next feller pitches the potatoes. Generally mashed cause they dont bounce. They hit the plate smack and then there aint so much gravy—on the plate. The next marksman shoots the vegetables. They land atop of the potatoes as if they were a dressin, and then caus yer got no more rume on yer plate the next athalete hands yer a small pece of meet what sinks in the gravy-potaters-vegetables and is lost. Yer gets yer desert and coffee in the cup and sauser, cometimes they put it in won sometimes the other, and then navigate to yer seet.

We got a grand Red Cross buildin. It's awfully swell Maude. I aint bin in it yet cause its only open fer dances fer offisers. But we kin look in at the winder, and onct they gave us a bon fire. The "Y" and the "K. of C." aint nearly so swell; only the privates go there, but beleve me Maude there mighty cozy and we kin be happier and kepe warmer standin around a pianer or a pool table than sitten around the biggest bon fire yer kin make.

I got ter quit now Maude as the mess call jest sounded and I wants to get there so I dont haf ter wate till I fergit I'm hungrey.

Or Rivier (french)

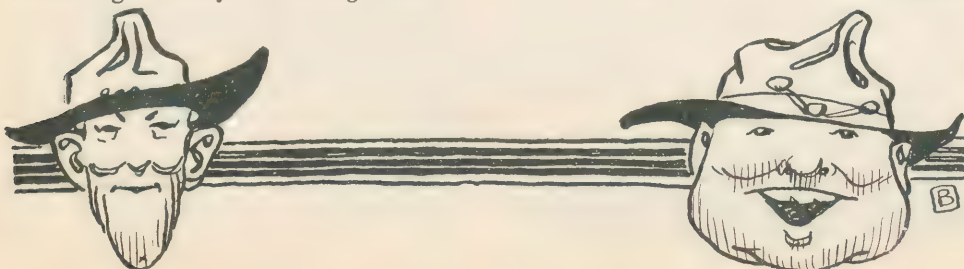
BILL.

★ ★

A MOVING PICTURE

"Do you take exercises after your bath?"

"Yes, I generally step on the soap as I get out."



TRANSPORTATION—*?!!

Dear Mr. Editor:

Oh, the trip is wonderful.

It is like floating along on the clouds or gliding cross country in an aeroplane. You want me to tell you all about it? Well, it was Saturday afternoon and I had a dollar and a half and an eight-hour pass. After checking in with the trusty guard I ambled down the highway to the Baron's, the station of the Orange Star Bus Line.

I could not decide for a minute whether a flock of 1913 Fords or a tank was coming up the road, but soon there hove into view an Orange Star Bus, the bus, my bus. Why my bus? I am a stockholder in the company. Each trip I make to town I invest 50 cents. You know it is like buying a Liberty Bond or subscribing to a church endowment.

The company I guess is about even now so I hear. To date they have not paid any dividends. They say that the threshing machine trust has raised the price on repairs to such an extent that *The Oteen* stock holders must not ask for an early reduction in installments.

Well be it so or thus I do know that at every other camp I have been in or visited special investment rates were made the Khaki clads. They did not have to buy a corner of the transfer market every time they wanted to go anywheres.

I would not mind the investment so much if I thought I could realize some day from it. Peace being declared and the resultant market variations will probably cause me to lose all moneys invested so far.

The rolling stock of the corporation I understand has become practically nil. In checking up with other stockholders from here I find that one bus is in running condition. That of course is not permanent at all. The bus runs sometimes and at other times it runneth not. The bus I allude to is hardly worth my triply investments. Its tires are not round, its wheels are flat, the stuffing has all faded from the bosom of the cushions, the top leaks, the paint is scratched and the fenders rattle. To date I have not had the nerve to investigate the engine. It is my last hope of a safe investment. If the engine fails me, I am undone.

I wanted so much to tell you about my trip in this letter, but there goes tattoo and that means lights out. Oh, yes, there are no lights on the busses, that I have ever seen.

I'll have to tell you more next time.

Severely yours, I. M. BRUISED.

We are the headquarters for anything and everything in Hardware and Sporting Goods.

OTTIS GREEN HARDWARE CO.

11 West Pack Square

When you think of Hardware, you naturally must think of Ottis Green.

SMITH'S DRUG STORE

The Rexall Store

ESTABLISHED 1869

We offer the best of service at either end of the line—Asheville or Biltmore.
Use our Stores for your convenience.

BILTMORE DRUG STORE

Send Christmas Cards

Remember the absent ones with Christmas Cards. See our selection with every kind of motto for the expression of your feelings. One cent up.

Don't forget Waterman Fountain Pens, \$2.50 up. Always acceptable.

And BOOKS, many, many thousands of them embracing every line, and author. Some especially handsome holiday volumes.

We're always glad to see the Officers and Soldiers.



Rogers' Book Store

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE PRESIDENT IN FRANCE

There is nothing in the statutory laws of the United States which would prevent the President from going beyond the boundaries of the country. You may recall that Grover Cleveland once sailed outside the three-mile coast line. In 1909 President Taft went over into Mexican territory to talk a bit to Diaz, and later went through the Panama Canal. In none of these cases was a violent shock perceptible in any part of the country, due to their absence. It is holding much interest to know if the President will take the Presidency with him—or leave it in the custody of the Vice-President. If such should be the case, President Wilson will cease to be President, as there cannot be two Presidents at the same time under the law. It may hold a bit of consolation to know that the President can carry the Presidency to Europe fully as easily as toting it around the United States with him. In these days of invention and convenience, the President can be as close to Washington and perhaps closer, by wire, in Europe than if he were in some parts of America. Leave it to the President himself to have this matter arranged satisfactorily.

The Command used their good judgment in selecting the non-coms best fitted for the jobs—and they must live up to that—or off will go their heads. This war has proven, as have the others going before, that the non-coms were the real backbone of any Army. We have been out of the pale of big things here—but bringing it right close home, the non-coms in this camp, and every camp, should keep their heads on their shoulders—they should not ride their men. The catechism of the non-com is a simple one:

1. Be firm and human.
2. Remember that yesterday you were a private yourself.
3. Don't hound your men.
4. Work your men hard when necessary; when not, give them all the leeway you can.
5. Put your own shoulder to the work occasionally—it won't hurt.
6. Respect your men—they can't but respect you then.
7. Smile; this never hurt the best of men.
8. Always be a soldier when on duty. Loosen up and play as hard when you're off duty.



A MEDICAL CONFERENCE IN WARD I-6. THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN ASSURES AN ABSOLUTE RECOVERY IF THIS PATIENT WERE GIVEN HIS CLOTHES AND A 10-DAY FURLOUGH

SOLDIERS TO KEEP UNIFORM

Senator Cummings, of Iowa, introduced into the Senate yesterday at Washington a resolution permitting a soldier to keep the uniform he is wearing at the time of his discharge.

Good for Mr. Cummings! It will give us something to base our claim of service on—and then, too, most of us sold our civilian clothes upon getting in—and going out minus our uniform — and with little more than a smile—it would be embarrassing. And there are so many of us. More power to Bro. Cummings' resolution!



FEW OF US KNOW OUR OWN CAMP. THIS LAKE WAS DISCOVERED BY LIEUT. CLARK AND HIS COHORTS. CAN YOU FIND IT ON THE RESERVATION?

RAILROAD JOBS OPEN

In keeping with its program of after-war re-employment, the Department of Labor Information and Educational Service has issued Bulletin No. 9, which pertains specifically to former railroad employees. It states that thousands of men left railroad positions in order to enter military service. Many of these men are now working on railroads in Europe, either in a military or civilian capacity. In order that those railroad men who do return to this country may be treated in a uniform and impartial manner, Director General of Railroads, McAdoo, has issued a General Order which will tend to employ all these men on as fair a basis as is possible. The following are excerpts of this order:

(1) In order that as nearly as practicable there shall be a uniform treatment of this matter, the following general principles will govern:

(A) In the case of an employee having established seniority rights, so far as practicable, and where the employee is physically qualified he will be restored to such seniority rights.

(B) In the case of employees who do not have seniority rights under existing practices a consistent effort will be made to provide employment for them when mustered out of military service.

(2) Upon railroads where the assurances given on this subject have been more specific than the provisions of Paragraph (1) hereof, such assurances shall be observed.

The Department further states that any returning soldier who cares to return to his former occupation will in all probability be accepted by his old employer.

NEW OFFICERS

This week's arrivals to augment the commissioned forces are: Lieut. Bergman, making the fourth officer for the Quartermaster Corps; Capt. Frank A. Bridgett, M.C., and Lt. A. J. Link, D.C., assigned to duty as Assistant Camp Dentist.

Two of the Red Cross Buildings have been completed, the one for Nurses and the one for Officers.

We now await with eagerness and expectancy the erection of the special one for the enlisted men.

READ 'EM AND ROAR

(Some more of those extracts from letters received by the War Risk Insurance Bureau at Washington).

★ ★

"I received my insurance polish and have since moved my postoffice."

★ ★

"I ain't got no book learning and I am writing for inflammation."

★ ★

"She is staying at a dissipated house."

★ ★

"Just a line to let you know I am a widow and four children."

★ ★

"He was seduced into the service."

★ ★

"I have a four months' old baby and he is my only support."

★ ★

"I was discharged from the Army for a goitre, which I was sent home on."

★ ★

"Your relationship to him?" Answer: "Just a mere ant and a few cousins."

★ ★

"And he was my best supporter—and now he's gone."

★ ★

"You ask my allotment number—I have four boys and two girls."

★ ★

"Both sides of our parents are old and poor."

★ ★

"Please send me a wife's form."

★ ★

"I have learned that my husband is in the constipation camp in Germany."

VICTOR'S SPOILS

There were two gold chevrons on his left sleeve and another on his right. His voice held the cadences of the very far South and the cigar that he was smoking unabashed on the platform of a Biltmore car was not improving the purity of the chemically pure air of Asheville's mountainous district.

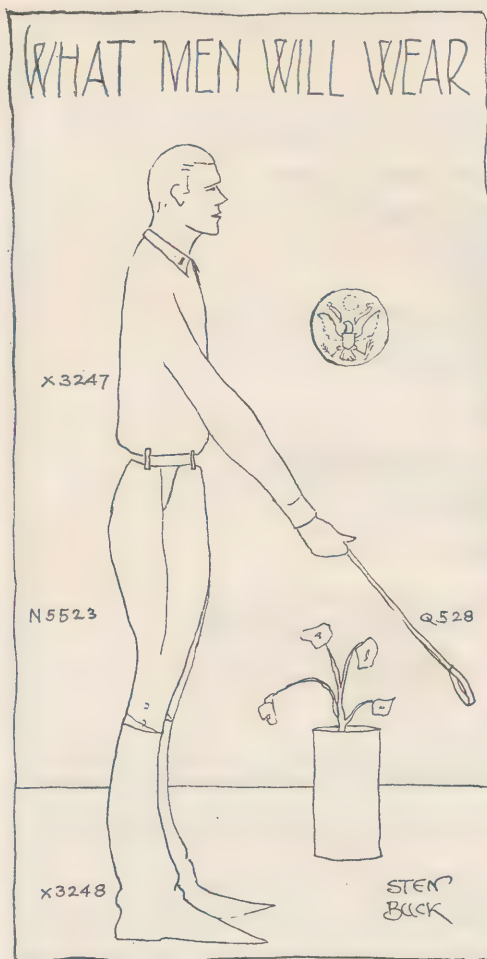
A conductor bore down upon him, wrathfully.

"Hey, you," he demanded, "don't cha know——"

And then he caught sight of a little bronze cross hanging from a brilliant ribbon on the shabby jacket.

"Yas, seh?" replied the doughboy inquiringly.

"Nothin'," responded the other sheepishly and left the atmosphere to its fate.



OFFICERS (INCLUDING SECOND LIEUTENANTS)

The model for this weeks pattern is taken from the Officers Ward. Patterns for individual articles may be obtained by addressing us Dept. Z and enclosing 25c in money order, fresh eggs or hairpins.

Colors this year are quiet subdued; lavenders, pinks and glowing oranges, so popular in former years among the younger set are no longer de rigueur. The color motif for the season is inspired by the exquisite hue of mud.

Q 528 illustrates our riding crop. Sherlock Holmes always had one in every picture we ever saw of him. They are held, by those whose opinion is not to be considered lightly, as extremely chic, savoir faire, not to mention E. Pluribus Unum. One cannot call oneself well dressed unless one has one.

X3247—Shirt. Always keep it on.

N5523—Breeches are still being worn. One must always wear them if one wishes to retain one's standing in society.

X3248—Boots are apparently being worn without spurs, even by those not attached to the Aviation Corps. On all occasions they present a swank, swagger and suave appearance and are especially recommended for sleeping during rest hours and for the late riser (no laces to lace, no straps to

strap, no metal can touch you). They lend materially to the military appearance and tend to camouflage any orthopedic deformities. Medical officers will do well to invest.

—J.B.S., 1st Lt., M.C.

ASHEVILLE WELCOMES US

The following interesting letter was received from Mr. N. Buckner, Secretary of and representing the Asheville Board of Trade, and our hats go off to him for his whole heartedness of expression and interest.

"All Asheville is glad to have the soldiers—especially the boys who have been injured or become ill from service that has saved Freedom for the peoples of the world—enjoy our wealth of sunshine and ozone-laden air that "Brings back the full vigor of manhood, and the feeling that life is worth living again." With this thought in your mind and heart, and utilizing to the fullest extent every material aid which our Government provides through medical experts of our Country, we know you will "play the game" and encompass the "full vigor of manhood" at the earliest possible day.

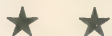
To the Nurses who are giving their best and tenderest care to the Boys, Asheville gives its kindest greetings with nought but admiration for the heroism of their calling. It is they who are giving the home touch to the sick room, and who with the gentle touch upon the fevered brow drives pain away, making life not only bearable to the Boys at Oteen, but a positive stimulus to more rapidly travel the road to recovery, and—a home. Asheville is glad to have the Officers and Men who look after the welfare of the Great Hospital and each one of its patients, enlisted men and helpers.

Oteen is a distinct addition and asset to our section and Asheville. That the Government has selected Asheville for its great reconstruction hospital center has been gratifying to our citizenship, confirming our own ideas that this favored spot is but little less beautiful than Heaven with none desiring, and but few making the change in residence to the more favored spot."

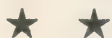
OFFICERS ATTEND HANDICAP

Several officers of this post attended the "obstacle" golf contest at the Asheville Country Club on Thanksgiving Day. It was a novel contest, the conditions being that only one club was to be used throughout the entire course. In the event of that stick being broken, a similar club had to be used. The games resulted in much merriment. A dinner and dance followed later in the evening.

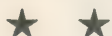
At the Mountain City Laundry
clothes go in soiled and come
out clean and fresh.



Your laundry is delivered to you
when you want it.



Try us with your next lot of
soiled clothes.



MOUNTAIN CITY LAUNDRY

PHONES 426-427

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER—!

Recently we were perusing a magazine published in the days of Nebuchad—something-or-other, dated 7348 B.C. In it were references to weather and scenery, but careless references, made no doubt with the idea of tickling the King's fancy and keeping the Tired Business Man from becoming still more tired. There was no realization of the importance of the topic. A careful study will show that weather has existed since 7348 B.C., even in large quantities, that they have always been abused, slighted, or dressed in clowns' clothes—given everything but their proper station. They are topics upon which people lean when other helpers fail.

Folks meet; one says, "Fine day, isn't it?" and the other replies, "Yes, indeed, great weather!" They weren't thinking of the weather—they weren't thinking. Poverty of Ideas! * * * Again, he says, "Some moon," and she says, "M-mm," and they continue to use terms concerning the weather and scenery, proceeding from bad to worse, i.e. they become married and live happily ever after, which we are told is a very uninteresting life. But such people deserve no more. * * * Or, some chap gets up in the morning, gazes out the window, yawns, stretches, and then blurts, "This is another rotten day." The day, in fact, is not rotten, but his what-not is congested and he is suffering from auto-intoxication and simply expresses his disturbed physiology in terms of the weather.

Certainly we meet other folks in Azalea, most assuredly we have tried to marry, and beyond a doubt we have gotten up in the morning with congested liver, but just as certainly, assuredly and beyond shadow of doubt we have not used the weather and scenery as props in these instances. The weather and scenery are so wonderful in our neighborhood that we do not venture to go to any lengthy description of it for fear of sounding very much like a hotel folder. We desire to call them to your attention, and advise you to treat them with consideration — not lightly. Don't think of the weather as a means of saying, "How d'ye do?" but consider the cold, snappy morning that sends the real blood corpuscles coursing through your body, that add snap to your step, that urges you to throw your head up and take deep healthful breaths and clears your head of the cobwebs of sleep; the warm, thawing afternoon seeking you out through your very pores; the starlit evening. Consider the mountains with

Do you know that Baron Behen will take care of your worn-out shoes for you?
Bring them to him when they need repairing.

BARON BEHEN'S WAYSIDE INN
"At the Fork in the Road"

Success to *The Oteen*

*It has the very
best wishes of the*

Rogers Grocery Company

their variegated warm colors and the masses of range beyond range becoming fainter and fainter in the distance, and a mansion set out there in the west like a medieval castle. Consider these things here about us and then Weather and Scenery will occur to you in all their reality. —LIEUT. J.B.S.

★ ★

PREPARE!

Why argue, brother, for peace or war?
All things worth while must be battled for;
And whether with fist or wit or blade,
He battles best who is best arrayed;
Nor waits misfortune's star-shell flare
To light the warning:
Prepare! Prepare!

Why argue, brother, that all is well?
What the future holds, no man can tell.
But he who arms both his head and hand
Serves best himself, his home, his land;
Whether war or trade sounds the trumpet
blare
That warns the unready:
Prepare! Prepare!

Why argue, brother, "Let well alone?"
On the untitled field only weeds are grown.
And a slothful ease neither fits a man
For the march of peace, nor the battle's van:
His defeats are many, successes rare,
Who scorns the warning:
Prepare! Prepare!

Why argue, brother, or dodge the fact?
The weakest is ever the first attacked;
The least prepared is the first to fall—
And it matters not—the loss is small;
While the greatest things can be safely
dare,
Who heeds the warning:
Prepare! Prepare! —C.R.B.

★ ★

OUT OF PRINT

"I'll stand no nonsense from America."
"I shall impose my will upon the world."
"The giant deeds of my invincible
troops."
"Before we yield we will spend every drop
of blood."
"My troops are the chosen people."
"The spirit of the Lord has descended
on Me."
"I am the instrument of the Almighty."
"Disaster to all those who oppose me."
"Death to all those who resist my will."
"God commands you, through my mouth,
to do His will."
"Me und Gott."

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A LARGE DISCOUNT

Yesterday we began a SPECIAL SALE, at a Big Discount, on Children's Coats, Women's Suits, Coats, Wool Dresses, Silk Dresses, Men's and Boys' Colored Suits and Overcoats.

We are one-price people—all goods marked in plain figures. When you buy at our close figures, less a small discount, you get mighty cheap merchandise.

COGNOMATIC

One Sommer's Knight on a certain Ward I met a Dahl in White with lovely Brown eyes in which I could Reed Truelove. I Feldherr Hart Pierce mine which began Melton and suddenly Studstill when I told Murname and said "May I Askew to take a Walker round with me?" I knew we had a Cason then because she began to Shiver; and so we walked Miles down Long Rhodes and across Fields and Rivers that had no Bridges and of course we had to Wade across. We walked East until we came to a Hill and decided to Turner round and walk West which we did until our arrival at a House in which lived a Grimm old Baker, his wife, Anderson who Waites on table and who said to us "Howard you like to try our Trout Orr Duck or Mock turtle soup?" My lady friend replied with a smile as Weiss as a Fox "Gosa and Hurst me up a hot Byrd and a Stein of suds." I knew mySelf it was Poore language for a lady, so whispered "Hunnicutt the Kahn stuff" its Amostake to use it here." Well, sir, she went off like a Cannon, yes sir, she went up in the air like a Kite and started to treat me Ruff so I decided to pay the Price of Myer rather her meal and go, so rang the Bell for the waiter who was supposed to be at Beck and call but did not appear, then I went into the Hall and blew a Horn I saw there. I paid the bill and ordered a Carter take her home. It was a lovely ride in the pale Moonlight, just the kind of a night to Wynn a girl to take the Bond of matrimony but I didn't want any Moore of her Savage ways and so decided to remain a Freeman, but there Will be Menne a Winters night when my day's work is Dunn that I'll reKline in a Morris chair and Long for the Huggins of some Oteen nurse.

—A.R.G.

A man in Asheville, who made a vow that he would never have his hair cut until William Jennings Bryan had been elected to the presidency, broken his self-imposed obligation the other day. This man had seen haircuts go up from fifteen cents to two bits, then to thirty-five cents, and then to forty cents, but he never wavered in his devotion to his political leader. But when the price went up to four bits, he felt that he would be justified in suspending his vow. And we are sure that Mr. Bryan, who is a "close" observer of present conditions, will not blame him. Rather will he be disposed to write a pleasant autograph letter in appreciation of the loyalty his supporter has displayed since that ever-memorable year of '96.

ADVICE TO THE FORELORN

BY BEATRICE BAREBAX

Dear Miss Barebax: I am twenty and in love with a young girl of fifty. What shall I do? PERPLEXED.

Perplexed: Put yourself in charge of a Red Cross Nurse.

* * *

Beatrice: I am engaged to a snake charmer. She wishes to give me a pet rattle snake. What would you do?

AMOROUS.

Amorous: I wouldn't.

* * *

Beatrice Barebax: I am troubled with a pimple. BILL BOIL.

Mr. Boil: Get Bunks Boil Buster, read directions carefully and then see a doctor.

* * *

My dear Miss Barebax: I am in love with a young lady whose father is a rich German Brewer. YAN KEY.

Yan Key: Make violent love to the lady in question and when you are sure that the feeling is reciprocated take the old man out in the woods and shoot him. This is war.

* * *

Dear Beat: I am troubled with a Roman nose. How shall I treat it?

Proper way to treat a Roman nose; Grasp beak firmly in right hand, pound curvature boldly with brass knuckles held firmly. During treatment recite Horatius at the Bridge."

MORE MUSIC

There cannot be too much of it. The Orchestra delighted us at the last Red Cross affair. Its music was artistically rendered and full of that undercurrent of pulsing life we have no word for but "pep."

We hear of the effort to bring music to the patients highly spoken of. Mrs. Insley will do more and more of this work. Army life develops our powers of appreciation in all directions. "Missouri Waltz" is welcomed at regular intervals on any sort of a machine with any sort of record.

The piano, so kindly given up by the Y.M.C.A., sounds well. Having *had a bath*, it stands *patient-like* in our mess-hall reception room. In spite of unmistakable marks of masculine kicks, it still responds sweetly when you coax it a bit—balanced on the two-legged stool which accompanied it here. The Red Cross piano is in its place and an open fire on November evenings with music is available. Every emotion, we are told, can be expressed in music and all our moods given a voice. We have a variety of the latter.

Vaudeville stunts were a part of a recent impromptu program. Why not an Xmas play?

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ment Hospitals in North Carolina with Foodstuffs.
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mour Service.

"THE LOST CORD (WOOD)"

*Tale from the Dairy of
a Kitchen Police*

"Seated one day at the 'organ,'
I was weary and ill at ease.
I was grinding up hash for supper
With the 'organ' between my knees.

"I do not know what I was grinding
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck what seemed to be the remains
Of a lately lamented hen.

"Great Heavens!" I cried, "Tis a chicken,"
With my hand on my fevered head,
'We ordered the leg of a steer for hash
And they sent us a Leghorn instead.'

"Alas for the dear old 'organ,'
They broke it apart with a pick
The mess sergeant stood with a tear in his
eye
As they hauled out a piece of a stick.

"Found, at last!" and he clasped to his
bosom

The lost cord of maple and ash.

'Some son of a gun put the camp on the
bum

When he put all my wood in the hash."

★ ★

HAD HIM BY THE THROAT

Recently a farmer with a fretful cast of
countenance entered the general store of a
country town, and without pausing to chat
with the oracles and prophets perched on
the barrels and boxes, made straightway for
the proprietor.

"What seems to be the trouble this morn-
in', Josh?" asked the proprietor, noticing
what seemed to be trouble coming his way.
"Got somethin' else to kick about?"

"I don't like to kick, Sam," responded
the farmer, but I do wish ye'd light a lamp
when ye go down in yer cellar. That butter
I got here last Tuesday turned out to be
patent axle grease, an——"

"Gee." interjected the groceryman, show-
ing some concern. "What did it do to
them summer boarders at your house?"

"What did it do to them?" responded
Josh, with a reflective sigh. "Why, it lu-
bricated their teeth and throats so derved
slippery that they swallowed about four
dollars' worth o' high-priced grub instead
o' twenty cents' worth."

—Philadelphia Telegraph.

★ ★

Perhaps it's Capt. Smith's modesty—or
our bad eye for getting small bits of impor-
tant news—but he's been the papa of a
bouncing girl these three weeks.

MUSIC

One of the finest things which Mrs. Isa Maude Ilsen is doing, as representative of the C.T.C.A. here, was clearly demonstrated Wednesday afternoon, this last week. Prof. Gaspare Pappilardo, one of the leading violinists in Asheville, and Miss Dorothy Atkinson, soprano, also of Asheville, for nearly two hours entertained the patients in several of the infirmary wards, spending about fifteen minutes in each ward. Both of these artists are not strangers to us by any means, and it was a treat to hear them again. Prof. Pappilardo, with his interest, enthusiasm, generosity and masterful playing, is a joy. Miss Atkinson has a charming voice and delightful manner. Miss Susanna Wetmore, of Arden, organist at Trinity Church, Asheville, has been appointed Secretary of Hospital Music, for Azalea and Kenilworth. It is mainly through her effort and the kindness and generosity of those who assist her, that these little ward concerts are possible. The plan is to have them, twice weekly, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, for all the infirmary wards. They are to be for the patients and as far as possible, those things that you like best. They will also, if possible, comply with all requests, if not on the day you ask for them, then the next time they come. Don't be afraid to ask for your favorite bit of music.

On the next Saturday afternoon, Prof. Pappilardo, again in his charming way, and Miss Betty Moore, soprano, visited the wards, which were missed on Wednesday and gave great pleasure and delight to their hearers. Miss Wetmore cannot bring these people back to us too often.

In the near future, some of our own talent will be (giving a hand) in these concerts. Through Mrs. Ilsen's efforts, numerous instruments are being added to the few that we have. Chaplain Frohlich is assisting in organizing the different groups. He and Lt. Clark are the ones to see about instruments and music. The band instruments are positively ordered and should be here from ten days to two weeks. That means also that orchestra rehearsals will begin and we will soon have a lot of music of our own.

★ ★

INHERITED SANG-FROID

"What a cool and indifferent air Cora has. She acts as if she didn't know anybody was looking at her."

"Yes; she inherits that. Her father used to fry griddle-cakes in the window of a restaurant."—*Boston Transcript*.

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(Continued from page 2)

skirmishing work. The lowest hill was an hour's hike—and there we were given rigorous drilling and workouts for eight solid hours a day. As we became more proficient at the game, we were taken to the next highest mountain — and instructed in the use of bombs and automatic rifles, by a French Regiment. All they needed to show us was the bombs, and in fifteen minutes we were showing them how to throw them far better than their months of training had taught them, because a baseball swing is just the means toward a perfect bomb thrower. After times are going to tell of many wonderful exploits by our boys with these "young terrors."

Thanksgiving Day was one day which played big in our year over there. For weeks ahead we had planned. With the help of our chief cook, and the aid of Uncle Sam's long and efficient arm, we succeeded in gathering about three times enough turkey and "fixings" together to meet the real requirements. I can safely say that nowhere in the civilized world was there a more elaborate layout. We had worked for days, as I said, and then we asked many of the townsfolds—all of them in fact—I think twenty-six. We finished off with parfait glacé for the ladies—and two packages of real cigarettes each for the men—which by this time had become prohibitive in price and unobtainable. But our captain had sent thirty miles away for this holiday treat. After our grub had settled, we organized a football team, and played a team from one of the other Battalions. True to our form, and our dinner, we lost badly. We invited several French soldiers to our game—one of them an officer, who remarked, as the game was getting pretty rough, "Oui, la, la; if they play that way, how must they fight?" The children had an especially big appeal to every boy. We were talking very little French by this time—but the children seemed to understand—and they would just look at us with their big eyes and they felt for our lack of home three thousand miles away—and we for them with their men folks out there in the fight, perhaps never to come back.

In the evening we ran a show for the benefit of the men and the surrounding countryside folk. What men can't do when thrown together if they really want to! Our Lieutenant had gotten make-up together—and, gauging from the hilarity that night, we had that year's Winter Garden Show backed off the planks—and we had real makeup—and made-up women.

Shortly after the holiday season, we made our final preparations for the trenches. Outside the city of Neufchateaux on a vast plain the Engineers had dug a complete trench system. Eight miles from Sartres this was, and we had to hike over this with the road one glare of ice—in a cold and driving rain. Upon reaching these practice trenches, we went through twenty hours of various drills, attacks, raids, reliefs. The water in the trenches was knee deep, and oftentimes up to our waist. It was the final test of a man—to see if he were fitted for the trenches—and in spite of the toughest conditions imaginable, not a man of us fell down.

Shortly after we packed up and joined the endless stream to the front. We said very little as we departed from our "home town" 'mid the cheers of the townspeople, who had been so decent to us. We smiled, but said very little as we trudged along with that measured swinging tread which enabled Europe's veterans to carry their heavy packs almost unheard of distances.

There we were on the eve of battle, and seasoned soldiers, every one. Only a short six months ago lots of us had been mere "small town fellows." There was no wild enthusiasm nor any evidence of even apprehension among us as we rested before making the last lap into the trenches. There was a matter-of-fact sort of confidence prevalent, and every man was making the most of the breathing spell to see that he was 100 per cent ready for battle. Interest and talk centered around our guns and equipment. Our officers went through the crowd, giving a final warning about use of our equipment. The packs were again adjusted, and our group of doughboys streamed slowly on—for these were the days we were making our genuine debut into the war for civilization.

(To be continued)

In pursuance with written instructions from the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., and forwarded through the Southeastern Department, the practice of reporting all eligible candidates for the Officers' Training Camps will be discontinued. This, presumably, is a forerunner to an order disbanding classes in the more recent Training Camps for Officers. The system in vogue prior to this order had been to select a certain percentage of men who appeared to be capable of carrying the responsibility of a commission and sending them to one of these Training Camps. After a three months' rigorous training course, the best qualified men were given commissions.

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Soldiers and Nurses will find it especially desirable to trade at Moore's.

M. V. Moore & Co.

RECONSTRUCTION

Since the signing of the armistice, with its long awaited promise of restored peace and tranquility, there is great danger of a tendency on our part to loose the restraints to which we have so long subjected ourselves, to return to our old mode of living, to take up our old, care-free, luxury loving habits, perhaps a trifle more luxurious and care free than before. This is a natural reaction to the long tension, but we must guard against it.

The armistice means the end of many things, but it is the beginning of a far greater number. And it is to the task before us now that we must dedicate ourselves anew; rejoicing and deeply thankful for the beginning of peace, it is true, but nourishing, even more carefully than before, the ways and means of bringing about that peace; of binding up the gaping wounds left by the war; and bringing order out of the present chaos.

The period of reconstruction will be more trying and tedious than the actual fighting, for there is less decided action, less fascination, and slower results in building up that which has been ruthlessly destroyed than in vigorously and actively avenging the perpetrator of that destruction. The signing of the armistice should act as a new incentive, a sign that we have not struggled vainly, a guerdon of courage to carry on the great task before us still. Instead of letting down restraining influences, let us erect new ones and patch the worn places in the old, that the peace which is to come may be a lasting peace, a peace for all humanity.

—I. U. STUDENT.

BEWARE! HAVE A CARE!

"If you're doing lots of sneezing and more than your share of wheezing, and your eyes are full of moisture tho you're not a darn bit sad, then you'd better find your 'winters' or a pine box full of splinters will keep you nice and cozy if the weather's good or bad. For they say the stuff called Spanish isn't classified as 'clanish,' and from earth you'll swiftly vanish, if you're not well clad."

GUARD HOUSE NOTES

We now have the proud distinction of having nineteen inmates in the Guard House, Private Sid Meyers commanding. It is hoped that the second invoice of students will add to the cheerfulness and well-being of our little institution—and that they will go out into the bright sunshine a wiser crew—never to come back again.

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Instead of decreasing, the 2000 population soon will be increased to 5000, the designated capacity of this hospital.

And *The Oteen* will increase in size and power as a magazine.

It already covers the entire hospital and the city of Asheville thoroughly.

For him who manufactures the necessities and luxuries of life *The Oteen* offers an unusual medium to reach Asheville and G. H. 19—a city in itself.

Now is the time to make your product thoroughly known among the growing population of General Hospital No. 19 and Asheville.

The Oteen can do it for you.

STAY FIT

If never before, the business of every American is now to be in trim so that he may do his part when his time comes. When the time comes he should have only one man's job to do—no more—and he should be able to do that one job efficiently.

It is true that readjustment means much to do now. But there are some good-natured people who are trying to carry the whole task on their own shoulders. As a result they are becoming broken in health, nervous, sick and worried. In this condition they are not fit to give their best services to their country.

It is wise to take stock on one's resources at times. Consider how much you can do without breaking your health. Remember that everyone is expected to use every ounce of strength he can spare in lifting his end of the load but in no situation is he to overtax his strength and become a subject for public care. We should aim to give our country a whole man's work. We owe it to our country to keep healthy and not to cheat her out of one day's work on account of sickness and worry. —I. U. STUDENT.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

RED CROSS DOINGS

On Wednesday evening the officers and nurses met at our new Red Cross Building and enjoyed a delightful dance which had only been planned a few hours' in advance. The crowd was not as large as usual, which was probably due to the fact that they had such short notice. We regretted very much the absence of our chief nurse, as her presence seems to add to the occasion by giving it so much spice and vim. Let us hope she will not miss any of our future hops. If it is satisfactory to all concerned, we will try to have these dances very week, and plan on the same evening each week. Let us get together now and make it a success. Lieut. Rector, our mess officer, has been doing his part by supplying the punch, which can not be made any better to suit the taste. Two of our most dignified Captains have made up their minds to become the best dancers in the post, and with the kind assistance of our nurses are progressing very rapidly. Now, why should we not have more followers? By attending these dances is one of the best ways of showing the American Red Cross our appreciation for the beautiful building which they have erected for us. Let the crowd be larger next time. —X.

★ ★

A new soldier was having his first experience of night duty. The password was "discount."

As the soldier paced back and forth in the darkness, a black figure suddenly bounced up before him.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Advance, friend," said the new soldier.

"Advance and give the discount."—Ex.

★ ★

FLIGHTS

Father — "Money has wings and house rents make it fly."

Son—"Yes, and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house-fly."

Father—"You're smarter than your dad, my son, but I always thought that no part of the house but the chimney flue."

—Boys' Life.

★ ★

TOO SWIFT A PACE

A few weeks ago two young soldiers were moving to a camp near Washington.

"Well, said one, "when I get my first time off, I am going right up to the White House and call on the President."

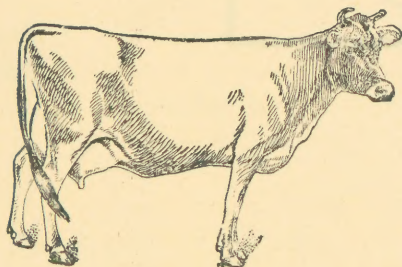
"If you do, I'll take your picture as you go in," said another.

"No, take it as I come out."

"I couldn't do that," answered the second soldier, "my kodak doesn't work so fast."

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